

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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## "IT IS INTENDED TO STRENGTHEN THE CROWN FORCES IN IRELAND": LANDING BRITISH TROOPS ON THE IRISH COAST FROM A GOVERNMENT TRAWLER.

In the House on May 30, Mr. Lloyd George said: "It is intended to strengthen the Crown forces in Ireland. When the arrangements are completed a

statement will be made to Parliament. It is not intended to send any of the Reserves to Ireland."

DRAWN BY FRANK H. MASON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CERTAIN casual considerations have crossed my mind in the pleasure of reading the last book by Mr. H. G. Wells. It is called "The Salvaging of Civilisation," but it might well be called "The World-State," being largely a plan for avoiding wars by a cosmopolitan commonwealth. I do not pretend to review the book here, or indeed anywhere. It is the glory of Mr. Wells's work that it would always need a book to review the book. But I would suggest one criticism: that Mr. Wells is hardly enough of a nationalist to reconcile the nations. Such a peacemaker tends inevitably to talk to them too much as if they were savage tribes being told to bury the hatchet. Now, if savages can bury the hatchet, it is because it is something like a stone hatchet. It is primitive and brutal; but it is another matter to ask a nation to bury the sword, which heroes and judges have borne, not in vain. A man might fling it away in a mystical moment, as Sir Bedivere flung Excalibur. But even Sir Bedivere hesitated thrice, and the nation may hesitate longer. But suppose, while he was hesitating, a critic came and told him that the magic gems were all paste, and the Round Table all rubbish. I think he would not throw it away, but hit the critic a great swipe with it. Now, all this international idealism tends inevitably to the depreciation of nations. To avert national quarrels, men minimise national memories. It almost amounts to insulting a man in order to make him feel more friendly.

The truth is that all this is a misunderstanding of the very nature of friendship, and especially of reconciliation. If two business men, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson, are rivals who hate each other, you do not unite them by merely mentioning an imaginary firm of Robinson and Brown. Still less do you do it by inventing a new portmanteau word, and calling them both Brobinson. It is useless to press upon them eagerly all sorts of printed handbills and prospectuses, in which the names of Brown and Robinson figure in a sort of monogram, interwreathed with decorative hearts and flowers. Even this will not remove all irritation. In short, in the case of any two men thus disunited, it is bad psychology to thrust in their faces an arbitrary prophecy that they will both be partners in a Utopian business that does not exist. If you really wish to bend yourself to the heroic and saintly task of reconciling two men who had a genuine and bitter quarrel, you would be wiser to begin at the very opposite end. It would be well to begin, for instance, with the fact that each man has a family, and that even his public irregularities are sometimes directed by his private affections. The only palliation of the pettifogging pedantry which is so regrettable in Robinson is to be found in the unconscious faces of the nine little Robinsons. The only excuse for the gambling recklessness which we all lament in Mr. Brown is the persuasive charm which we all recognise in Mrs. Brown. These are the things which might conceivably and truly make men forgive their enemies. We can only turn hate to love by understanding what are the things

that men have loved; nor is it necessary to ask men to hate their loves in order to love one another.

And just as two grocers are most likely to be reconciled when they remember for a moment that they are two fathers, so two nationals are most likely to be reconciled when they remember (if only for a moment) that they are two patriots. Just as Mr. Robinson can plead a sense in which he was a good father when he was a bad citizen, so at many a time during the past centuries the same Mr. Robinson would have had to plead that he was a good Englishman though he was a

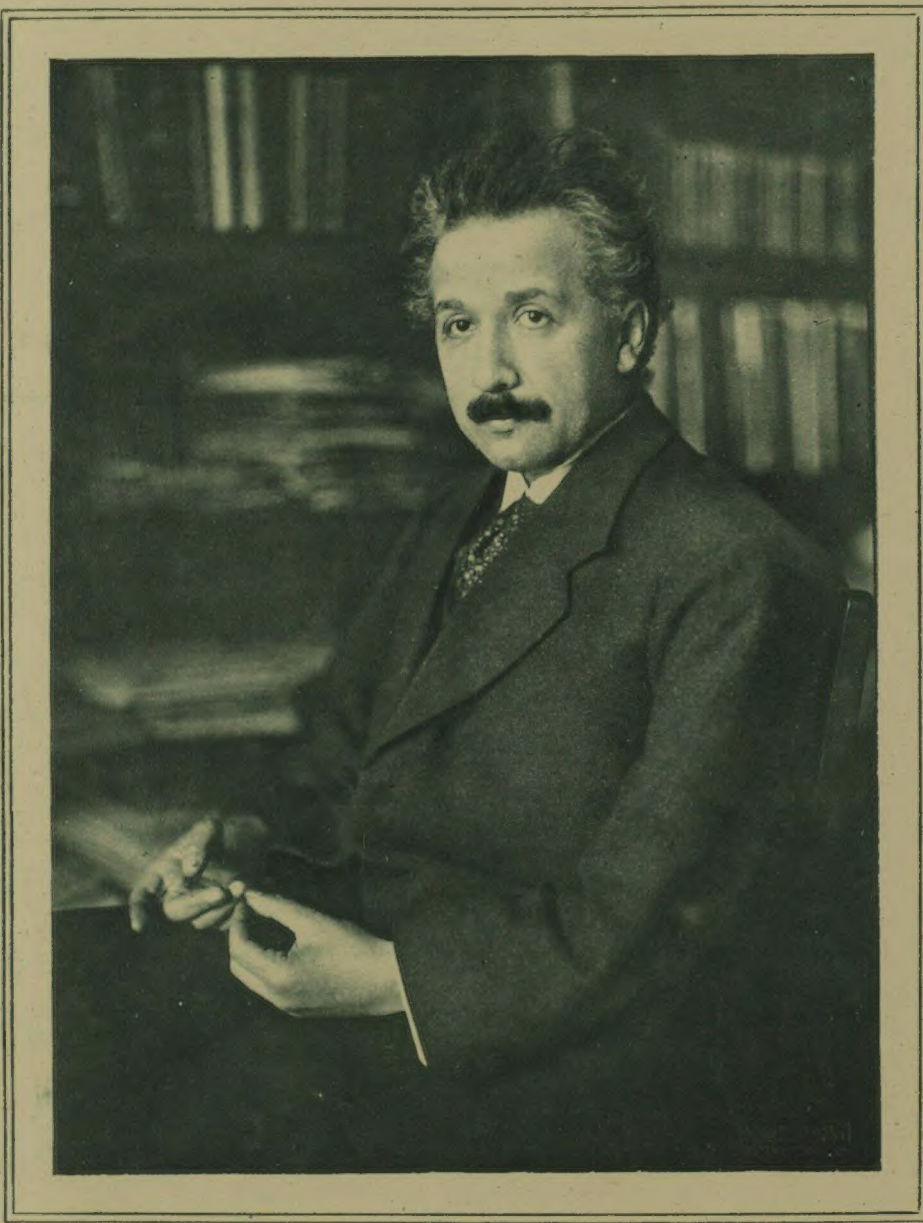
Brobinson, we must have learned to see Robinson as Robinson Crusoe.

For we cannot in commonsense expect to succeed by bustling about with negative novelties, and telling the English that Nelson is all nonsense, or the Scots that Wallace is a myth, or the French that Jeanne d'Arc is dead and done for, or the Americans that Bunker's Hill is not worth bothering about, and, by thus insulting every nation, arrive at the mutual love of nations. Whether or no the thing can be done at all, it cannot be done like that. Whether or no we are to have a world-state, it is certain that we shall

never get it so long as its exponents despise the deepest sentiments of the most democratic States in the world. History will never deny that republics have been even excessively patriotic; and, whatever can be said against patriotism, no one will deny that it is popular. Chauvinism was a charge brought as much against ancient Athens as against modern France; and Mr. Hannibal Chollop was by no means too proud to fight. The cock can crow with a red cap as well as a red crest; and the imperial eagle is not the only sort of spread eagle.

That this narrow national bragging is dangerous I do not deny; but I do not think that the cure is to read the internationalist literature. I think it is to read the nationalist literature—of other people. If I wanted to teach English people to be friends with the French, I would teach them to read Rostand and not Rolland. It would be far better for an English boy to learn to understand "L'Aiglon," and follow the sad flight of the eaglet in the track of the great eagle, rather than to follow that very dismal dove of peace which migrated to the Alps in order to say it was "above the *mêlée*." A boy ought not to be above the *mêlée* but in the *mêlée*; only it might be of a more chivalric sort worthy of the tradition of its mediæval name. It might be a *mêlée* in which the men calling on St. George had some notion of what was meant by the other men calling on St. Denis. Now, men had this understanding, more or less, in mediæval war; they have only lost it in modern war. No French knight denied that St. George's cross was a cross, or set lance in rest against it in exactly the same spirit as if it had been a crescent. No English archer actually

wished to turn St. Denis into St. Sebastian. That narrowness has come with what is called the wider emancipation; with journalism and its free lances, not to mention its long bows. And it will generally be found, I think, that modern wars have been ruthless in proportion as they have been rationalistic. It was not a love of Germany that excited the Germans to aggression; it was a universal scientific theory of the anthropological value of Teutons, and the economic necessity of empires. In our efforts to get a world-state, we are only too likely to get half-a-dozen world-states, with half-a-dozen world-philosophies. It would really be more practical to have a comprehension and recognition of nationalism; or, in the only sane sense, a league of nations.



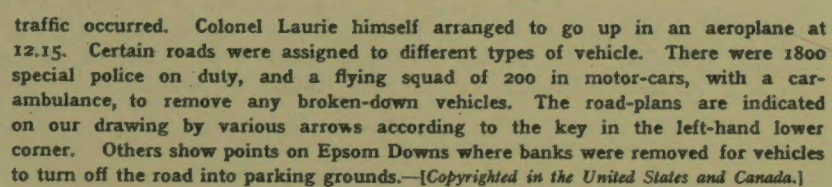
THE PROPOUNDER OF THE NEW THEORY OF RELATIVITY TO LECTURE IN LONDON:  
PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Professor Einstein, the German physicist, whose Theory of Relativity has made so much stir in the scientific world, has arranged to visit this country on his return from America, and to deliver a lecture at King's College, Strand, on or about June 9. During his stay in London he will be the guest of Lord Haldane. Professor Einstein, who is not much over forty, was born at Ulm, in Bavaria. At one time he was engineer in a Swiss Patent Office, and later a Professor successively at the Universities of Zurich, Prague, and Berlin, where he now lives. Apart from science, he is noted as a Pacifist and a Zionist. He is also a keen musician.

Photograph by Martin Höhlig, Berlin.

bad European. I do not at all under-rate the necessity or desirability of turning Mr. Robinson into a good European. I have dedicated a good many odes, addresses, petitions, invocations, and hymns of supplication to Mr. Robinson, in the patient hope of persuading him to be a good European. But I am sure it cannot be done by ignoring his feelings as a good Englishman, or the reasons for his strong internal conviction that a good Englishman is a good thing. On the contrary, I believe we must see the intrinsic value of the nation before we see its international value to other nations. We must see the man as lovable in his loneliness, as all the more individual for being insular. Before we see Robinson, as in a vision, in any haloed and transfigured form of







# WHEN THE UNFINISHED "BARRIE" WAS GIVEN": THE PRINCE

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.; PHOTOGRAPHS



PLAYED BY PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: "THE MAN IN THE DOCK, OR, WHO IS A.B.W.?"—A STUDENTS' MEDLEY.



OPENING THE ACADEMY'S NEW THEATRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES SPEAKING.



NEW THEATRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES SPEAKING.



PLAYED BY EX-STUDENTS OF THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE FIRST ACT OF PINERO'S "TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS."



PLAYED BY A "STAR" CAST BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: THE FIRST ACT OF SIR JAMES BARRIE'S NEW PLAY, "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"



THE "STAR" CAST AND THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.D.A. BEING INTRODUCED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY SIR JOHN HARE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS MARIE LÖHR.

The Prince of Wales visited the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street on May 27, and opened its new theatre. In the course of a short speech he spoke of the Academy as "the home of a great national tradition." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson recited a poem written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges. Then followed a students' medley called "The Man in the Dock, or, Who is A.B.W.?" played by present members of the Academy. Next came the first act of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," played by ex-students, and finally the first act of Sir James Barrie's new and unfinished play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" In the right-hand top photograph are (left to right) Miss Viola Tree as Imogen Parrott, Mr. Ion Swinley as Tom Wrench, Miss Athene Seyler (in front) as Avonia Bunn, Mr. A. Scott-Gatty (behind her) as Ferdinand Gadd, Miss Meggie Albanesi as Rose Trelawney. In the left-hand lower drawing, in front (left to right) are Mr. Nelson

Keys, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Irene Vanbrugh (seated), and Mr. Leon Quartermaine. At the back (left to right) are Mr. Norman Forbes (as the policeman), Lady Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Marie Löhr, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier (standing behind), and Miss Madge Titheradge. In the right-hand lower drawing are (left to right, in left foreground) Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Sir Arthur Pinero. In the centre is the Prince of Wales greeting Miss Marie Löhr, on whose left is Mr. Norman Forbes. In the right foreground (left to right) are Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and Miss Fay Compton. Beyond the Prince (left to right) are Mr. Kenneth Barnes, Sir John Hare, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Miss Sybil Thorndike.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



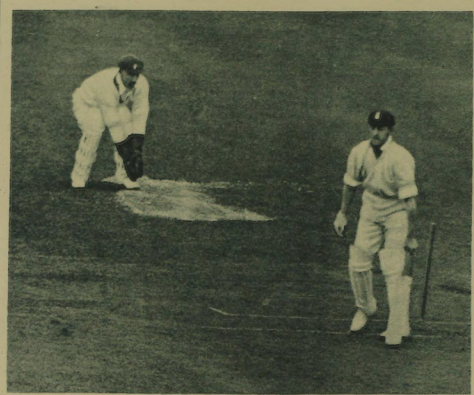
# THE HUNDREDTH TEST MATCH: ENGLAND BEATEN BY AUSTRALIA AT NOTTINGHAM—BY TEN WICKETS!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.

AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



BOWLED BY MR. GREGORY: E. HENDREN (MIDDLESEX) OUT FOR A "DUCK."



THE HIGHEST SCORER FOR ENGLAND IN THE FIRST INNINGS: P. HOLMES (YORKSHIRE) BOWLED (BY MR. MACDONALD) FOR 30.



THE HIGHEST SCORER FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE FIRST INNINGS: MR. W. BARDSELY, WHO MADE 66, NEARLY RUN OUT



THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN TRIES THE WICKET: COLONEL DOUGLAS FEELING THE STATE OF THE PITCH.



KEEN AUSTRALIAN FIELDING: THE MEN IN THE SLIPS TRYING TO CATCH RHODES, WHO GOT MR. MACDONALD AWAY TO THE BOUNDARY.



THE ACCIDENT TO TYLDESLEY IN THE SECOND BY A FAST LONG-HOP FROM MR. GREGORY.



INNINGS: THE BATSMAN HIT ON THE HEAD WHICH WENT ON TO HIS WICKET.



F. E. WOOLLEY (KENT) CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS BY MR. HENDRY: A FORESHORTENING EFFECT OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH, WITH THE OPPOSITE BATSMAN APPARENTLY QUITE CLOSE.

The first of the five Test Matches arranged for this season during the tour of the Australian cricket team in England began on Saturday, May 28, on the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham, and ended on the Monday in a win for the visitors by ten wickets. England batted first, and reached the disappointing total of 112, the highest individual score being 30 made by Holmes. Only three other batsmen got into double figures, and four were out for "duck." Australia's first innings resulted in 232, of which Mr. W. Bardsley made 66. In the second innings the home team did slightly better, but left the result a foregone conclusion. A nasty accident happened to Tyldesley, the Lancashire bat. A fast long hop from Mr. Gregory rose and hit him a stunning blow on the head. He had to be helped to the Pavilion, and only later heard that the ball had

struck his wicket, so that he was out. England's total in the second venture was 147, to which Mr. D. J. Knight contributed 38, and F. E. Woolley 34. The Australians needed only 28 to win, and Mr. Bardsley and Mr. C. G. Macartney hit off the runs without the loss of a wicket. The bowling honours on the Australian side fell chiefly to Mr. J. M. Gregory and Mr. E. A. Macdonald, and on the English side were fairly evenly divided among Woolley, Colonel Douglas, Richmond, Rhodes, and Jupp. It should be noted that the above illustrations are from telephotographs, taken from the Pavilion, and that the effect of the distance is slightly to distort the relative positions of the players, and to show them nearer to each other and to the spectators than they were in reality.



## PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, SPORT AND GENERAL, SENNECKE (BERLIN), P.P.P., CENTRAL PRESS, AND "DAILY MAIL" (LEIPZIG TRIAL).



A GREAT SAILOR: THE LATE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR A. K. WILSON, V.C.



THE FIRST BRITISH WOMAN BAR- RISTER: MISS OLIVE CLAPHAM.



A LOSS TO ANTHROPOLOGY: THE LATE MISS M. A. DE CZAPLICKA.



CAPTURED BY ARABS IN MESOPOTAMIA: MRS. Z. BUCHANAN.



THE BURNING OF LOYALISTS' HOUSES IN CO. CORK: FRANK- FORT HOUSE, MONTENOTTE, SIR ALFRED DOBBIN'S RESIDENCE.



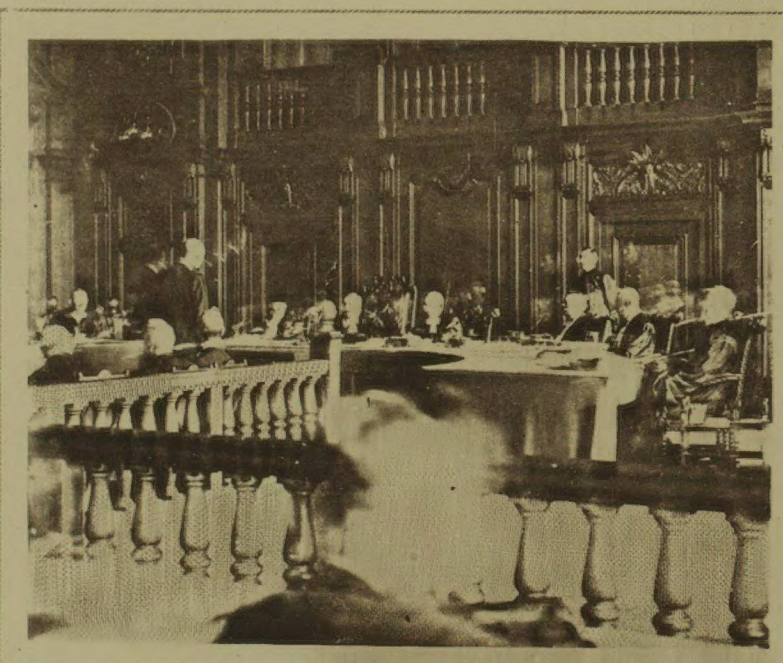
A GERMAN WAR CRIMINAL SEN- TENCED: KARL HEINEN (RIGHT).



ATTENDING THE LEIPZIG TRIALS: SIR ERNEST POLLOCK, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, AND THE BRITISH COMMISSION.



GREETED WITH SHOUTS OF "BANZAI!" FROM THE BOYS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT ETON COLLEGE.



THE OPENING TRIAL OF GERMAN WAR CRIMINALS AT LEIPZIG: THE FIRST PRISONER, KARL HEINEN, EXAMINED BY SENATPRÄSIDENT SCHMIDT.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, V.C., died on May 25, aged 79. He won the V.C. when serving with the Naval Brigade at El Teb, in 1884. In 1912 he retired after 57 years' service.—Miss Olive Clapham was the first of several women law students who recently passed the final Bar examination.—Miss M. A. de Czaplicka, Lecturer in Anthropology at Bristol University, died on May 27. She went with the Oxford Expedition to Siberia in 1914-15, living for a year within the Arctic Circle, and wrote several important books.—Mrs. Zetton Buchanan lately described (in the "Times") her terrible experiences last year in the Arab rising in Mesopotamia. She was with her husband, the late Captain E. L. Buchanan, when he was killed at Shahraban, and was a prisoner for four

weeks in Arab hands, until a British relief force arrived.—Several houses of loyalists in Co. Cork were burnt down on May 24, including Sir Alfred Dobbin's residence, Frankfort House, Montenotte, overlooking Lough Mahon.—The trials of German war criminals began in the Supreme Court at Leipzig on May 23, before Senatpräsident Schmidt. The photograph of the British Commission there shows (left to right) in front—Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., M.P., and Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor-General; (behind) Mr. J. B. Carson (of the Berlin Embassy), Mr. R. W. Woods, Mr. Vernon Gatty, and Commander H. W. Chilcott, M.P.—The Crown Prince of Japan, who has since left this country, visited Eton College on May 27. The boys greeted him with shouts of "Banzai!"



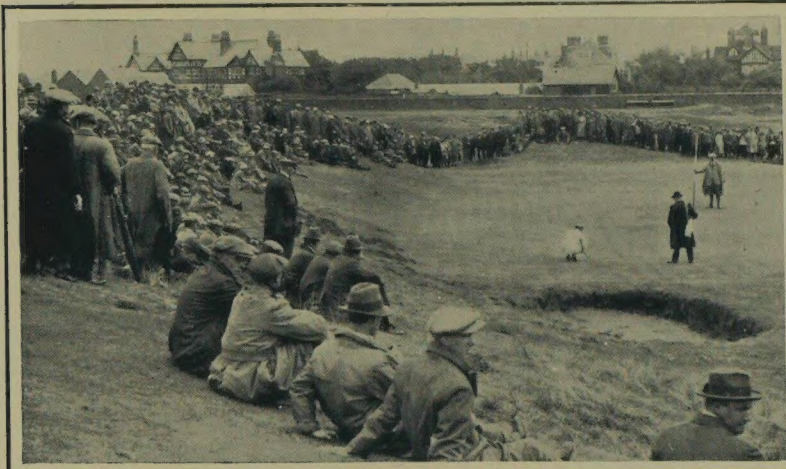
## Artisan Player and Son of a Professional: The New Amateur Golf Champion.



PUTTING DOWN HIS THIRD TO WIN THE SEVENTH HOLE: WILLIAM I. HUNTER, THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION.



IN THE RUSHES APPROACHING THE SEVENTH GREEN: ALLAN J. GRAHAM, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY W. I. HUNTER.



WATCHING THE FINAL: THE AUDIENCE CROWDING ROUND THE NINTH GREEN AT HOYLAKE.

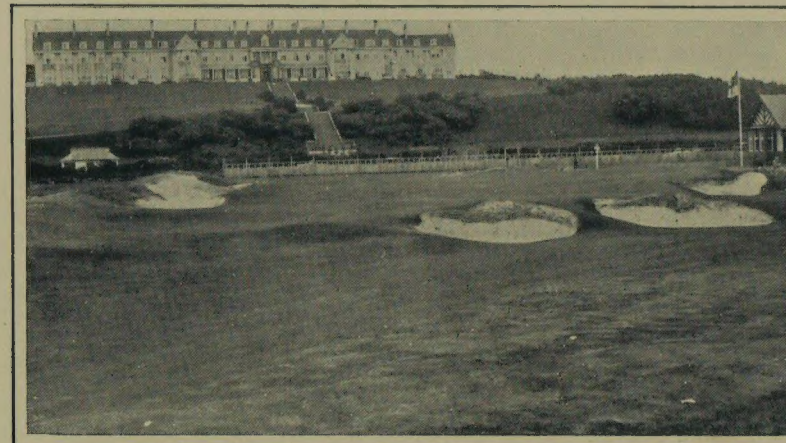
Mr. William I. Hunter has created a record by winning the Amateur Championship. He is a telegraphist and sorting clerk in the Deal Post Office, and the son of Harry Hunter, the professional at Deal. This is the first time that the Championship has been won by an artisan player and the son of a "pro." Hunter was never taken further than the sixteenth green in any of the seven



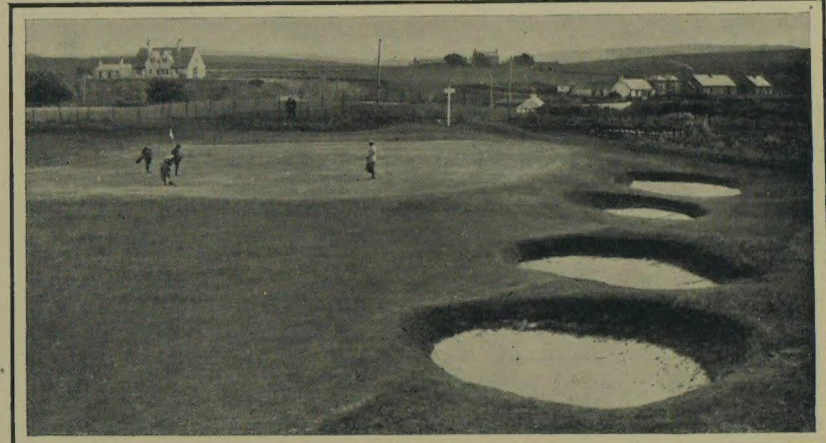
RECEIVING HIS MEDAL AND CUP FROM MR. G. STEWART, M.P., THE CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB: W. I. HUNTER.

matches he had to win to reach the final, and in his thirty-six hole match against Graham, he broke two records. He won by twelve up, and he led at the end of the first round by more holes than any champion has before put to his credit. The failure of the American "invasion" made this year's Amateur Championship of special interest.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.]

## English and American Women Champions at Turnberry: The Leitch-Stirling Match.



SHOWING THE HOME GREEN: TURNBERRY, THE SCENE OF SENSATIONAL MATCHES IN THE WOMEN'S OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.



SHOWING THE BUNKERS BY THE FIRST GREEN: A VIEW OF TURNBERRY.



DEFEATER OF CECIL LEITCH IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES: JANET JACKSON.



DISCUSSING PROSPECTS WITH TOM FERNIE: THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, MISS ALEXA STIRLING, DEFEATED BY MISS CECIL LEITCH.



THE BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION WHO BEAT THE AMERICAN CHAMPION: CECIL LEITCH.

The great match between Miss Cecil Leitch, British Open Lady Champion and our most famous woman golfer, and Miss Alexa Stirling, the American Champion, took place in the first round of the Ladies' Championship at Turnberry, for, by a strange turn of luck, in a field of 113 entrants, these two famous players drew each other in the first round. The sensations of the meeting, however, began before

this match, for, to the surprise of everyone, in the international matches, which open the Women's Championship meeting, Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Champion, beat Miss Cecil Leitch by two and one. The Leitch-Stirling match did not begin till late on Monday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for Miss Cecil Leitch by 3 and 2.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., AND L.N.A.]





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

IT was just my luck that I arrived in London in 1885, when the Bancrofts officially ended their reign of glory and bade farewell to the World of the Theatre. To be candid, I had not come to these shores with high ideas of the stage in Shakespeare's land. Abroad the British stage was frankly laughed at: "No plays at all (except 'Caste' and 'Our Boys'), bad acting, ranting, pantomime." How well I remember these ignorant gibes in days when travelling was the exception rather than the rule. But I soon found out that the theatre of England was not as black as it was painted; that it was in a transition period; that it was a case of "Barkis is willin'" as far as the public was concerned, and inefficiency of most managers (have we changed all that?). When I had seen the Bancrofts, Irving, Hare, the Kendals, Wilson Barrett, I became a wiser and a better-informed man, and never shall I forget that evening at the Haymarket when the Bancrofts took leave to plant their cabbages and write their memoirs amidst thunders, shrieks and tears; then I felt they were great—she great in comedy mingled with pathos; he great as that beau-idéal of manhood—an English gentleman—which he still is on the stage and off, and long may he be spared! Alas that the crown of his 'eighties, conferred but a few days ago in sunshine and showers of congratulations, is dimmed by Lady Bancroft's sudden departure! It came as a shock, for she was a landmark, a milestone in our dramatic world. Of her one thought, as of him and Sir John Hare, as perennials. Well, she is gone, and she will ever be remembered as an artist whose smile worked wonders, whose words electrified, whose characterisations are indelible. When, in the 'nineties, for once she could not resist the temptations of the stage, and at the Garrick told us the famous tale of the cock-a-doodle in Sardou's "Peril," there rustled through the audience a feeling of indescribable enjoyment. For this great actress was in cosy form the incarnation of that priceless British possession—a sense of humour of her own. Smiles were hers to command, and to listen to her was the caress of harps in the air!

I have come back from Holland and Belgium, and I am rubbing my dazzled eyes. For I saw there in a week what in intellectual enjoyment was equal to a year's playgoing in London. I began at Antwerp at the Royal Theatre, as the sponsor of Francis Hutchinson's "Right to Strike," exquisitely "Flemished" by that grand master of Flemish criticism, Louis Krinkels. The production of Director van Kerckhoven's gifted wife, Philomène Jonkers, was an exact replica of Leon M. Lion's memorable London performance. Everything was correct, to the men's ties and the Tommies' khaki; but for the difference in tongue, I could have imagined myself at the Lyric. The acting, too, was all that could be desired: the old Doctor of van Ryn was a foil, nay, even more touching than our excellent Mr. Holman Clark.

There was a feeling of entente cordiale in the air, and I grasped it by the forelock. Director van Kerckhoven, in gratitude to Lion for the loan of the piece, at once proffered a cordial invitation that the Garrick Company, with "Count X," should come over in June. We approached the Municipal Council, and the reply was a hearty "Welcome." Brussels, eager to vie with Antwerp, followed suit. After two performances at Antwerp, Leon M. Lion and his henchmen go to the Royal Flemish Theatre at the bidding of Director Poot and the Municipal Council. And both the British and American Ambassadors, Sir George Graham and Mr. Brand Whitlock, will grant their patronage. *Nous allons dancer, mes amis!*

Then I went to Amsterdam, saw



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA (IN "PETROUSHKA").

London was delighted to welcome again Mme. Lydia Lopokova, who is appearing at the Princes Theatre in M. Serge Diaghileff's season of Russian Ballet. It opened on May 26 with "Children's Tales," "La Boutique Fantastique," and "Les Sylphides." During the same week were also given "The Good-Humoured Ladies," "Carnaval," and "Cleopatra."

Camera Portrait by Hoppe.

Shakespeare at the Royal Theatre, was carried away, and prevailed upon Director Dr. Willem Royaards to let us see at the Garrick how the Bard is understood in Holland. About this, more anon.

On went the rush to Brussels. I saw my dear old friend "The Two Orphans," by Dennery, and savoured it as a classic melodrama (revive it!); saw the Grand Guignol in La Maison des Hallucinations, and shuddered—when French plays are bad, they are very bad, yet interesting:

saw at the Monnaie, at a packed matinée, "La Fille de Madame Angot," as I never saw it before—a feast, a joy, a triumph: saw "Arlequin"; saw—but why continue to make your mouth water? Artistically, Brussels is the hub of the universe next to Paris, and I am not so sure that Petit Paris does not come first.

If in these days of theatrical depression you want a perfect evening, go to the Everyman

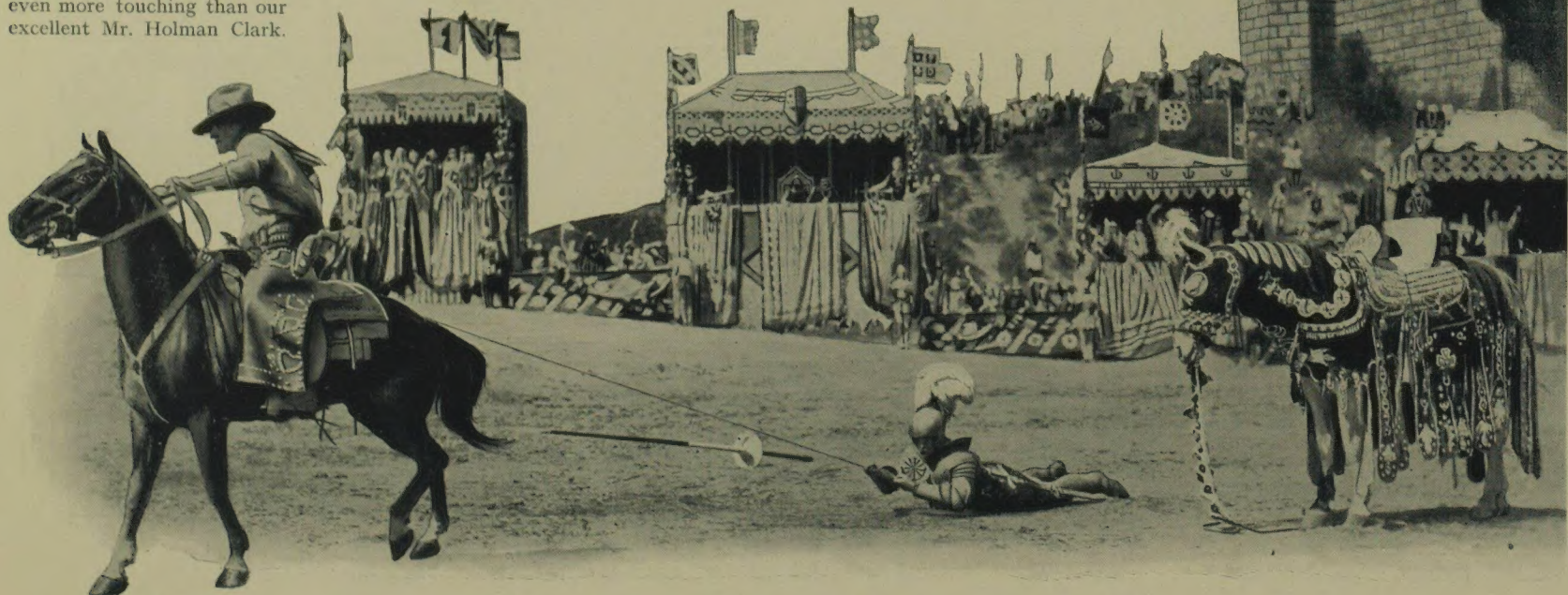
at Hampstead, and savour the delicious, delicate, and distinctly Irish humour of G. B. S.'s play, "Man and Superman." Never was it so fresh; rarely was it so well acted. One of these days, when the managers of London are awake, they will discover Muriel Pratt. Some of us have done it long ago, when, as leading-lady of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, she gave so fine a performance of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" that Paris talked about it. London, however, remained mute, and so she ploughed on until, at the Everyman, she became famous in Hampstead. *C'est magnifique*—but Hampstead is a proud suburb, and the Metropolis knows but a tithe of its doings. So she will have to wait for a Columbus. Her Ann Whitfield is all that it should be, and more human than Lillah McCarthy's. It is

A FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER BACK IN LONDON: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.

young; it is fresh; it is arch; it is coy; it is wholly unaffected. Nicholas Hannen, too, made a life-like Tanner. In cloth, in gait, in beard, ay, even in the slouch hat, he was the reincarnation of the auburn G. B. S. of the 'nineties. Splendid too, the Chauffeur of Brember Wills; the young Malone of Felix Aylmer; the Violet of Hazel Jones (another *trouvaille*!); and the setting by Norman McDermott was well worthy of the romance. By gad! if I had the shekels would I not pilot this little craft across the sea and show the Continentals how a small side-theatre worships at the shrine of Shaw—and understands him, too!

In the midst of strike the latest Theatre-Chief, Faraday, produces a strike-play. Incredible, but true!



A MARK TWAIN FILM AT THE ALHAMBRA: "A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR"—THE TRIUMPH OF LASSO OVER LANCE.

It was arranged to produce a film version of Mark Twain's whimsical story, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," at the Alhambra on April 30, with three performances daily. The photograph shows the victory of the Yankee, "Sir Boss" (Mr. Harry Myers), over Sir Sagamore (Mr. George Seigmann) by means of the lasso.—[By Courtesy of the Fox Film Co.]



# THE PRINCE—AND “GALLERY”—ON A CORNISH GOLF COURSE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



WHERE THE SAND-DUNES ARE STEEP: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE GOLF LINKS OF ST. ENODOC, OPPOSITE PADSTOW, DURING HIS TOUR IN CORNWALL.

After visiting Newquay on the morning of May 24, the Prince of Wales motored to Wadebridge, and from there went on to the golf links at St. Enodoc, which lie among the sand-dunes at the mouth of the River Camel, opposite Padstow. Numbers of people who came across in boats, and others from the country round, gathered on the golf course, through which there is a public right of way, to see the popular “Duke of Cornwall.” The Prince lunched at the club-

house with the committee, and walked over the links, expressing disappointment at not having time to play a round. The figures in the middle drawing, coming down the steep sand-dune, are (from left to right) Mr. R. W. Dana, captain of the club; the Prince; Col. C. R. Prideaux-Brune, president of the club; Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey; Major Campbell; Sir H. M. Durand; Col. Le Marchant, and Mr. F. A. Glover, hon. sec. of the club.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

PERIODS of warfare on a great scale seem to occur at intervals of from forty to fifty years, which gives time for the actual eye-witnesses of the

horrors of the former dispensation to die out, and for an inexperienced generation to take control and stand on tip-toe with expectation (as Thucydides said of all Hellas before the Peloponnesian war began half a century after the life-and-death struggle with Persia) in romantic wonderment as to what a great war is like. In 1914 it was the Germans, inspired with hopes of creating a world-state administered by themselves as a superior race, who were the war romantics—among them had arisen anew the conception of warfare as the natural, healthy condition of mankind, a part of the endless struggle for existence which is Nature's plan. One of the omens of the coming of a great war era is invariably the appearance of writers who glorify fighting as man's best activity.

A great war era, again, is invariably followed by efforts either to mitigate the horrors of future wars by quasi-legal methods, or to formulate plans for establishing a permanent state of peace throughout the world. Hence the formation of the League of Nations, now dwindling into a secretariat. Hence, also, the appearance of such books as "THE SALVAGING OF CIVILISATION" (Cassell and Co.; 7s. 6d. net), by H. G. Wells, in which it is proposed to establish a world-state by persuasion in order that we may all be peaceful and happy ever afterwards. Mr. Wells thinks that, if war cannot be abolished, the improvement in weapons due to scientific discovery and invention will sooner or later involve the irretrievable ruin of civilisation. He has long been obsessed by this idea—we find it worked out in "THE WAR IN THE AIR" (Collins Sons; New Edition; 2s. net). In a new preface to this thrilling romance, he says that, behind the catastrophe of the Great War others are marching on us to-day—"the steady deterioration of currency, the shrinkage of production, the ebb of educational energy in Europe, work out to consequences that are obvious to every clear-headed man." But pessimism of this kind is always uppermost in sentimental minds after a period of war on the great scale. It was so after the Napoleonic wars, when the havoc effected in Europe was greater, proportionally to the existing population and wealth, than what we see to-day, and the process of reconstruction was long and laborious, even in this country, as a study of English social history during the twenty years after Waterloo shows with startling cogency. Again, Mr. Wells's other basal argument—that the increased destructiveness of weapons may cause war to lead to the virtual annihilation of

of a great war. It follows, then, that the premisses on which Mr. Wells bases his arguments for a pacifying world-state cannot support them, so that the whole glittering superstructure of his rhetorical persuasion collapses at the first touch of the logic of circumstance.

Moreover, supposing the foundation is assumed to be well and truly laid, his plan is as impracticable



PREHISTORIC SURGERY IN PERU: A TREPHINED SKULL, WITH SQUARE INCISION.

The prehistoric tribes of South America were skilled in surgery, and performed the operation of trephining, or removing part of the cranium to relieve pressure on the brain caused by a fracture, such as would be often sustained in fighting with clubs and slings. Incisions were made with implements of copper and bronze, or knives of stone and obsidian. Of some 1200 skulls found on one expedition in Bolivia, about 5 per cent. had been trephined. Bolivian medicine men still practise trephining to-day, applying coca to produce insensibility. In prehistoric times splints and bandages were also used. In the Peruvian Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York are many skulls showing artificial deformation. The heads of infants were deformed by bandages and pads, or by binding the head to a board. The skull was thus flattened at front and back in degrees that varied with different groups or clans.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

as any of the Utopias evolved from Wilsonism. He aims at abolishing the sense of nationality everywhere. His plan for extirpating the idea of nationality so deeply rooted in the very souls of Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, even Americans, is the use of a systematic propaganda, in which the chief instrument of persuasion is to be a new "Bible of Civilisation." The new Genesis and

historical Books have already been given to the world, I suppose, in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," every section of which, even the scientific part, has been exposed by the qualified experts as inaccurate, illogical, and warped by the author's political predilections. The sad truth is that Mr. Wells knows no history, does not even know what history

is; and, worse still, he does not know he knows nothing about such matters. Other sections of the new "Bible"—e.g., the "Book of Freedom"—are to be a mosaic of literary *purpurei panni*, such as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Henley's well-known defiance of destiny:

I am the Master of my Fate,  
I am the Captain of my Soul.

This interesting scrap-book, which seems to infringe a patent of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the

Positivist brethren, will not do much to help on the Millennium, I fear. And, after all, no propaganda of lectures and literature and moving pictures can prevent an organised race from attempting to attain supremacy in the way Rome did—the only way, as history shows, in which a world-state has ever been evolved. I am writing this criticism of a brilliant and well-meaning idealist on the eve of Empire Day, and wish I could persuade Mr. Wells to make a beginning of the serious study of history by reading "THE IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH" (Cassell and Co.; 12s. 6d. net), by A. P. Poley, which is a very readable and reliable account of the evolution of the British Empire (which stands for equity as Rome stood for law), a true world-state owing its growth and inexhaustible strength to self-discipline as much as to self-determination.

On the scientific side, Mr. Wells's books are unsatisfactory because, though he often makes a parade of the names of ultra-modern scientists, it is clear he knows little or nothing of the latest advances in the study of life—for example, he seems quite unaware of the offensive that is being conducted on a wide and fluctuating front against the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, which was only a "working hypothesis," after all. (Evolution, as now accepted, does not guarantee the development of *homo sapiens* into *homo pacificus*.) The careful study of living creatures, such as birds and insects, has certainly demolished some of the deductions—e.g., the Theory of Instinct—from the Darwinian hypothesis. In "SOME BIRDS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE" (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), by H. J. Massingham, who practises the disinterested methods of Fabre with distinction, a new meaning is given to the old terms—as when the author observes that "the 'survival of the fittest' is nothing less than the urge and pressure of God knocking sense into hippopotami, men, water-lilies, blue-tits, spiders and roses." Those who take up some branch of this fascinating study of nature should acquire "THE COUNTRY DAY BY DAY" (Holden and Hardingham; 12s. 6d. net), by E. Kay Robinson, a picturesque calendar of Nature's year. These books enable us to appreciate the profound truth expressed in Mr. Massingham's phrase, "The Art of Nature," and never to forget (as the laboratory workers do) our fellowship with the creatures whose wistful eyes appeal to us against an age-long servitude:

That liquid melancholy eye,  
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs  
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,  
The sense of tears in mortal things.



PREHISTORIC SURGERY IN BOLIVIA: A TREPHINED SKULL, WITH ROUND INCISION.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

civilised humanity—is contrary to the facts of military history. There is nothing in modern warfare as destructive of life as the old hand-to-hand battles (Cannæ, for example, saw the annihilation of a great army in an area about the size of Lord's cricket ground) or the wars of extermination waged by the Mongolian conquerors. It is a demonstrable fact that the percentage of battle casualties decreases with the improvement of weapons, which also tends to shorten the duration



ARTIFICIAL DEFORMATION OF THE HEAD AMONG PREHISTORIC SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBES: A FLATTENED SKULL FROM BOLIVIA.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

This quotation from the poem by Matthew Arnold (who yet denied immortality to "Geist," his faithful Dachshund!) was recalled in reading the new edition of "BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), by the late J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., who is the only sociologist of animal life I know of—and I wish Mr. Wells's sociology was based on as shrewd a faculty of observation and as sane a passion for the exact truth.

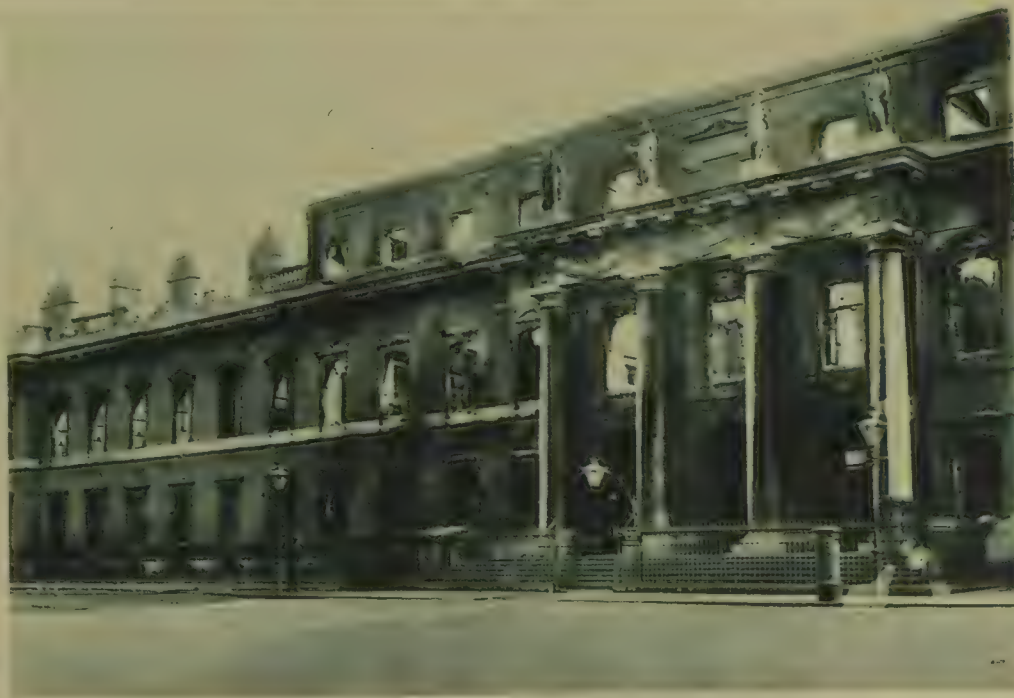


# REBEL ARSON IN DUBLIN: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



WITH ITS COPPER DOME MELTED; BUT THE FIGURE OF HOPE STILL STANDING: THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.



SHOWING HOW THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING WAS COMPLETELY GUTTED: ANOTHER FRONT OF THE BURNT CUSTOMS HOUSE AT DUBLIN.



HOLDING THE BLUE ENSIGN WHICH ONE OF THEM RESCUED FROM THE ROOF: OFFICERS AND AUXILIARIES; WITH A HEAP OF CAPTURED REVOLVERS.



A WOUNDED CUSTOMS HOUSE OFFICIAL WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO RESCUE A TYPIST: MR. FREDERICK COLIN SALVING RECORDS.



WITH THEIR HANDS UP: MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE IN THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE OUTRAGE LEAVING THE BUILDING.



A CASUALTY AMONG THE AUXILIARIES: A WOUNDED MAN ON A STRETCHER RECEIVING ATTENTION ON THE PAVEMENT NEAR THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

The Customs House at Dublin, the city's finest building, was raided at 1 p.m. on May 25 by a large body of Sinn Feiners, who set fire to it with petrol, cotton waste and bombs. While they were at work, a force of soldiers and Auxiliary Police arrived, and fierce fighting ensued. Several of the rebels were shot as they came out in sorties. An official statement on May 26 gave the number of killed as 8, wounded 9, and arrested 127. Some of the Cadets were wounded,

and one was reported to have died later. While the Customs House was being fired, other Sinn Feiners held up the fire brigade at various stations, so that the firemen were too late to save the building, which continued burning through the night. At 3 p.m. on the 26th the copper dome of the clock-tower melted and collapsed, but the symbolic figure of Hope remained standing above. The whole interior was gutted, including records and documents of great importance.







# IRISH EXTREMISTS' METHODS: THE SHOOTING OF MRS.

Drawn by W. R. S. STOTT FROM EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION



THE ATROCIOUS MURDER AT BALLYTURIN HOUSE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT. McCREERY, BEHIND THE CAR, BEYOND WHICH FELL CAPT.

District Inspector C. E. N. Blake, R.I.C., and his wife, Capt. F. W. M. Cornwallis, M.C., 17th Lancers (great-grandson of the fifth Earl Cornwallis), Lt. McCreery (also of the 17th Lancers), and Mrs. Gregory, of Coole Park (widow of Major Gregory, R.A.F., son of Lady Gregory, the well-known Irish writer), spent the afternoon of Sunday, May 15, with Mr. J. C. Bagot, at his home, Ballyturin House, near Gart, Co. Galway. After playing tennis till about 8.30 p.m., they left in a Ford car. Captain Blake was at the wheel, on the left side, with Mrs. Gregory beside him. Behind were sitting, from left to right, Captain Cornwallis, Mr. McCreery, and Mrs. Blake. As they approached the park gate leading from the winding drive into the road about half a mile from the house, they noticed that the left half of the gate was closed, and Captain Cornwallis got out to open it. As he was pulling it inwards a shot came from bushes on the right, with a shout of "Hands up!" Two other shots followed from the same point, breaking

# BLAKE, HER HUSBAND, AND TWO 17th LANCERS OFFICERS.

AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



CAPTAIN BLAKE, AND MRS. BLAKE AMBUSHED AND SHOT DOWN; MRS. GREGORY ESCAPING CORNWALLIS, OUTSIDE THE RIGHT HAND GATE.

the wind-screen. Mr. McCreery and Mrs. Blake scrambled out and took cover on the left of the car, Captain Blake and Mrs. Gregory following. Intense fire was then opened by about ten men (some masked with white rags, and others with blackened faces), who gradually worked round to the front and left of the car. Mrs. Gregory then got round to the back of the car, but Mrs. Blake refused to leave her husband. After three or four minutes the firing ceased with a heavy volley at close range. Captain and Mrs. Blake and Mr. McCreery were all dead. While their bodies were being searched, Mrs. Gregory was allowed to go. Captain Cornwallis (not seen in the drawing) had taken cover outside the wall to the right of the gate, and was killed by a shot in the back from the house opposite. For five hours the assassins had waited in ambush. After killing them, they searched their pockets for papers and arms; and took a purse, but overlooked Mrs. Gregory's gold cigarette-case (seen in the foreground), which she had dropped.—(Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)





### THE WORST ACT OF SINN FEIN ARSON: THE BURNING OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT DUBLIN, ON MAY 25.

The incendiaries who destroyed the splendid Customs House at Dublin inflicted a grievous injury on the architectural beauty of the city, thus doing further harm to their political cause. All Ireland was shocked at the outrage, and moderate Sinn Feiners are said to share the general feeling of indignation. The Customs House, which was one of the finest buildings in Ireland, was built in 1785 at a cost of £397,232. Further expenditure was incurred between 1794 and 1811,

making the total spent on the building £546,353. Its form was an oblong quadrangle, 374 feet long by 205 feet deep, and there was a large amount of wood in the construction. The architect of the building was James Gandon. The above photograph was taken while the fire was in progress, and before the copper dome melted, as shown in an illustration on another page. A fire-hose is seen in the right background playing on the building.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## GUESTS OF THE SENUSSI: LIFE IN HOSPITABLE LIBYA.

By ROSITA FORBES.

"ALL that is mine is thine," is the Arab welcome to a guest, and in Libya this generous phrase is not merely a manner of speech. From the moment we arrived in Jedabia until the day when, a little sadly in spite of all our troubles and adventures, we left the Senussi country, we were lavishly entertained by all Government officials on behalf of the Emir Idriss and his Wakil, Sayed Rida. At Jedabia we first made the acquaintance of the form of Arab house that varies little

ritual. The green-robed Kaimacaan, with a shawl of many colours over his snowy turban, would stop all conversation while he measured tea and sugar in an amazing proportion of one teaspoonful of the former to four of the latter, into a pale blue teapot, heated on a brazier set in the middle of his best Persian carpet. With meticulous care three glasses were measured for each guest, the first merely sweet, the second scented with rose-water or amber, and the third flavoured with mint, which latter is a courteous dismissal. At Kufara, though we stayed nine days in the house on the cliff at Taj, we were never allowed to get anything for ourselves. I believe we did once induce Mohamed to buy some eggs in the market, but they were never cooked!

Arab custom ordains that whoever visits the stranger newly arrived in the town must afterwards either entertain him in his own house or send him presents of food. Chiefly, I imagine, because it would have troubled the dignified Ekhwan of Taj to have met feminine fingers chasing the same piece of meat through the savoury contents of the common bowl, Hassanein Bey and I were daily conducted by an ebony slave to the house of Sidi Saleh el Baskari, where we found an immense brass tray laden with a dozen bowls of meats and vegetables and a score of loaves of bread, so that after we had performed our final ablutions, we were obliged to take long constitutional, at a dignified and slow pace to avoid suspicion, before we could comfortably return to our house, where very often two or three other large meals, sent by as many different hosts, awaited us.

One of the most noticeable things in Libya is the exceedingly strict way in which the women are secluded. In all Kufara we never saw a woman in the streets, except perhaps a few ancient black slaves, and when feminine patients came to me to be doctored, they would rarely show me their faces. They kept their heads bowed under

the considerable weight of two or three voluminous barracans.

One is used to the transparent veil of Egypt. In Syria one may catch a glimpse of silk stocking above a high-heeled shoe. In Morocco dark-lashed eyes, grey-green from Circassia perhaps, look at one from between white woollen folds, but in Libya the women enter and leave the towns by night, and their whole life is spent between the blind mud walls of a court some few yards

square. When they travel they are shapeless bundles who mount their camels in some secluded spot, sit silently, motionlessly, in a shrouded



AN OFFICAL OF THE SENUSSI: THE KAIMACAAN AT KUFARA (ON THE LEFT) WITH HIS "A.D.C."

throughout Libya. There was one exceedingly long and high room running the whole length of one side of a big, mud-walled court. This is bedroom and reception-room alike, for in the daytime the sleeping apparatus of the Arab disappears altogether, and nothing remains but a row of long, hard cushions against walls decorated with texts from the Koran. Beyond the first court was a second and larger one, with rows of rooms opening out of it and a well in the middle, but everything was bare and unfurnished until the next morning we woke up to find cooks and a bell-tent kitchen, a horse for me to ride, a complete retinue of slaves, and every known form of food! At first we were overwhelmed with the hospitality showered upon us. We used to try and slip out unobserved to buy our few necessities in the market, but this was considered a distinct breach of etiquette on our part. Arab rule gives three days' hospitality to the stranger, and, during that time, everything, from his clothes to his candles, is provided for him, even though he be not living in the house of his host.

At Jedabia we dined in European fashion in the houses of Sayed Rida and Sidi Hilal, the sole difference being that we drank only water (for the Senussi law forbids all form of alcohol), and that we ate perhaps a dozen or fifteen courses instead of five or six. Often six or seven of the dishes would be mutton cooked in different ways, though the *pièce de résistance* might be sheep roasted whole, and stuffed with rice, eggs, almonds and raisins. As it is very bad form not to partake of every dish, it was a joyful moment when the appearance of little painted glass cups of tea denoted that the banquet was at an end. As we went further south, the ceremony of tea drinking became more and more elaborate, till at Kufara it was almost a mystic



THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF THE SENUSSI: SIDI OMAR, A LITTLE PRINCE AT KUFARA.

heap all day long and at night slip down to crouch by their luggage, remote and aloof, till their tent is put up. I used to wonder what the two slave-girls who accompanied us thought, or if they thought at all.

When the sheikhs inquired after my health, they always used the plural tense, implying that the inquiry was general and not personal, and, though a host might converse with me at length, he would carefully look in front of him the whole time with never a glance at the muffled figure beside him. In one direction the stern Senussi code is lenient to women, for to them are permitted the jewels and gold denied to men's use. A woman may adorn herself richly in order to keep the favour of her husband and thus ensure a large progeny to Islam, but a man may only make use of the precious metals for the decoration

(Continued on Page 760.)



"TEACHING THE FAQROON FAMILY THE USE OF FIELD-GLASSES": MEMBERS OF A FIGHTING CLAN AT BUSEIMA.

"At Buseima," writes Mrs. Forbes, "we encountered the Faqroon, a lawless family which habitually attacked caravans, but our numbers over-awed them. . . . The population was hostile . . . but when we had given a feast to the natives, I was allowed to explore the oasis."



# WHERE MEN ARE VEILED AND WOMEN STRICTLY SECLUDED : KUFARA TYPES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



VEILED MEN: TEBUS (NEGROID ABORIGINES OF LIBYA)  
AT JOF, THE MARKET TOWN OF KUFARA.



A CONTRAST TO  
THE TEBUS: ZOUIA  
ARAB WOMEN AND  
CHILDREN, AT  
BUSEIMA.



OF A TRIBE THAT WEAR SHEEPSKINS, WITH THE WOOL  
INSIDE : A TEBU TYPE.



WHERE ONLY WOMEN MAY WEAR JEWELS AND GOLD :  
A ZOUIA TYPE.



AT HAWARI, IN THE KUFARA OASIS : A TYPICAL GROUP OF ZOUIA ARABS,  
WHO FORM THE MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION.

In the group of six oases which bears the general name of Kufara, Mrs. Forbes found that the population consisted of about 3000 Zouia Arabs and 300 Tebus. Their dress is a great contrast. The Zouia wear long white jerds, with scarlet or yellow boots; the Tebus are clad only in sheepskins, with the woolly side inward, and their women have date-stones fixed through a hole in the nostrils. There is a Tebu village of grass houses outside Jof, the commercial town of Kufara, and many ruins of Tebu dwellings and forts are dotted about the oasis.

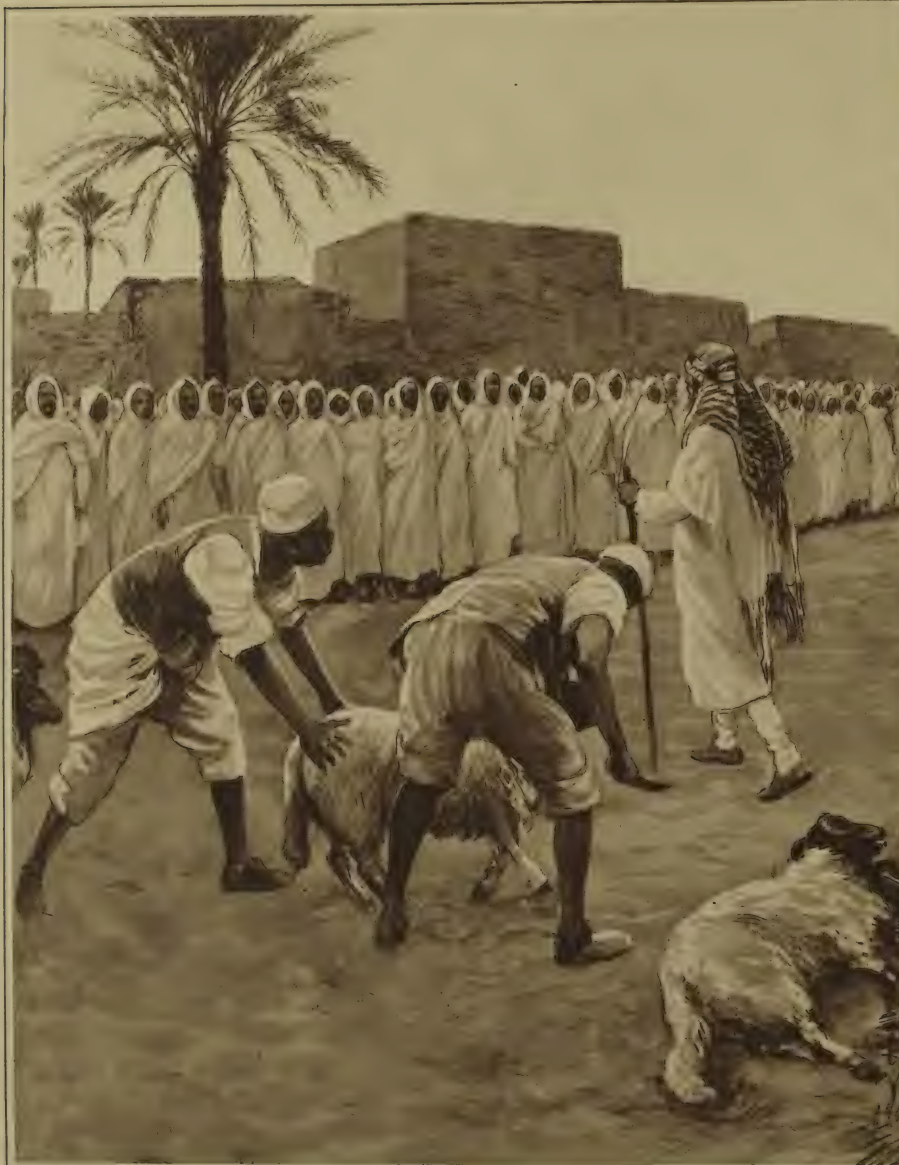
As Mrs. Forbes mentions in her article on another page describing Arab life, the women of Libya are kept in strict seclusion. But "in one direction the stern Senussi code is lenient to women, for to them are permitted the jewels and gold denied to men's use. A woman may adorn herself richly in order to keep the favour of her husband and thus ensure a large progeny to Islam, but a man may only make use of the precious metals for the decoration of his sword-hilt, since his weapon is ever ready for a holy war."



## GREETED BY THE WHOLE MALE POPULATION: A KAIMACAAAN'S ROYAL WELCOME TO ROSITA FORBES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL

SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



HONOURED BY THE KILLING OF SHEEP: ROSITA FORBES AND AHMED BEY HASSANEIN  
TO BE "SERRIED RANKS OF TRIBESMEN"

"When they arrived at Jalo, on the borders of the Cyrenaican plateau and the Libyan desert, Mrs. Forbes and her party had travelled 200 miles from their starting point at Benghazi. Wishing to honour the guests of his prince, Sidi Idris, Chief of the Semusi, the Kaimacaan of Jalo had called out the whole male population to give the explorers the welcome generally reserved for native royalty. Sheep were killed in their honour, and every kind of gift was pressed upon them. The details of the drawing follow the description given by Mrs. Forbes in her article on another page. "Once we, as guests of the Sayeds, received as royal a welcome. The houses of El Erg, one of the villages of Jalo, stand on a low hill, and when we approached it at sunset there appeared to be an immense long white wall stretching right along the road from



ARRIVING AT JALO—APPROACHING THE "LONG WHITE WALL" WHICH PROVED  
IN THEIR CLEANEST WHITE JERDS.

the last building to the edge of the nearest palm grove. As we drew nearer, the whole wall suddenly rose higher, and we realised that it consisted of serried ranks of tribesmen in their cleanest white jerds, ranged in military precision, row behind row. The wall did not break even when we came up to it, and the Kaimacaan stepped out to receive us and initiate us into the hospitable custom which killed sheep in our honour, and afterwards asked us to select gory fragments unknown to English dinner tables." Mrs. Forbes, who is the right-hand figure of the two in the centre, bore during her travels the Moslem name of Sitt Khadija. The left-hand figure, walking before her, is her fellow-traveller, Ahmed Bey Hassanein. The full story of Mrs. Forbes's adventures in Libya will appear in "Casell's Magazine."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## GUESTS OF THE SENUSSI

(Continued from page 756.)

of his sword-hilt, since his weapon is ever ready for a holy war.

One rather quaint marriage custom prevails among some of the Libyan Bedouins. The bride-to-be is mounted upon the swiftest camel of the tribe, and the bridegroom is obliged to catch her within a certain time. If, however, there is any danger of her outriding him altogether, most of the young men join in the pursuit. To marry the daughter of a Bedouin sheikh the suitor must pay anything between ten and forty camels, but among the Senussi Ekhwan, whose creed entails equality, brotherhood and simplicity, twenty-five mejidies (rather less than £4) will cover the whole cost of a wedding.

Religion is the keynote of Libya, and one may study Islam at its best among these fervent desert ascetics. In olden days, the head of the confraternity used to veil his face as too holy to be looked upon by humanity, and to this day its leaders set an example of austere self-denial to which it would be difficult to find an equal in Europe.

Sayed Rida, for instance, is devoted to operatic music, but since the veneration of his Order considers him beyond the need of any such relaxation, he contents himself by occasionally playing "Samson and Delilah" on the gramophone at midnight when Jedabia is asleep. "We may not see dancing or hear songs," he once said to me, "yet I love music—the sad tunes best—but our people would not understand. We must not go out much either, and I like travel." Perhaps they are recompensed, these Senussi Sayeds, when they do make a journey to Jalo or Jaghbub, for the men of every village come out to meet them, slaughtering sheep in their path, touch the hem of their garments to their eyes and their foreheads, while the Bedouins still fling themselves in the dust to kiss the footprints of their rulers.

Once we, as guests of the Sayeds, received as royal a welcome. The houses of El Erg, one of the villages of Jalo, stand on a low hill, and, when we approached it at sunset, there appeared to be an immense long white wall stretching right along the road from the last building to the edge of the nearest palm grove. As we drew nearer, the whole wall suddenly rose higher, and we realised that



THE MOST WESTERLY VILLAGE IN THE KUFARA VALLEY: TOLAB.



WHERE MRS. FORBES WAS GREETED WITH THE WORDS—"WE CARRY YOU ON OUR HEADS": AN OIL-CARRIER AT AUJILA.

When Mrs. Forbes arrived at Aujila (on the way to Jalo) and produced her credentials, the sheikhs recited the formula, "We carry you on our heads, for you are the guests of the Sayed," at the same time putting the letters to their lips and eyes.

it consisted of serried ranks of tribesmen in their cleanest white jerds, ranged in military precision, row behind row. The wall did not break even when we came up to it, and the Kaimacaan stepped out to receive us and to initiate us into the hospitable custom which killed sheep in our honour, and afterwards asked us to select gory fragments unknown to English dinner tables.

I said that religion is the keynote of Libya, but though the Bedouin bows himself in

prayer five times a day, however tired or hungry or thirsty he may be, though he would massacre the infidel to keep his land untouched and his faith undimmed, he is not above a few interesting superstitions. He believes in Djinn, and talks of the Hawaish Mountains near Kufara as being haunted by these mysterious creatures, much as we say that Regent's Park is full of grey squirrels.

A gift of green makes a journey lucky. When a traveller comes to a well at the beginning of a route to be traversed for the first time, he must slaughter an animal or he will meet with misfortune. To our having omitted to do this at Bir Buttafal, the whole retinue attributed the disasters of our Taiserbo journey and our narrow escape from death by thirst. If a woman wishes to keep the love of her husband during his absence, she sets an empty jar on the roof so that it catches the wind, and as long as sound throbs in it, so throbs the heart of her lord for her.

In Libya there is one final resort for every ill—Sidi Idriss. If a camel be ill, and the usual remedies fail, its owner sits down with the utmost calm and calls upon "the influence of Idriss." When my camel nearly fell down a steep dune the Bedouins made no attempt to stop it. They merely called on the name of every Sayed living and dead. They swear by "the truth of Idriss," or "May I never see my Zawia again if I do not . . ." The philosopher begins to wonder, it being true that unity is the first national necessity, whether Libya may not still weave her thread into the tangled web the principle of "self-determination" is making of North Africa. ROSITA FORBES.

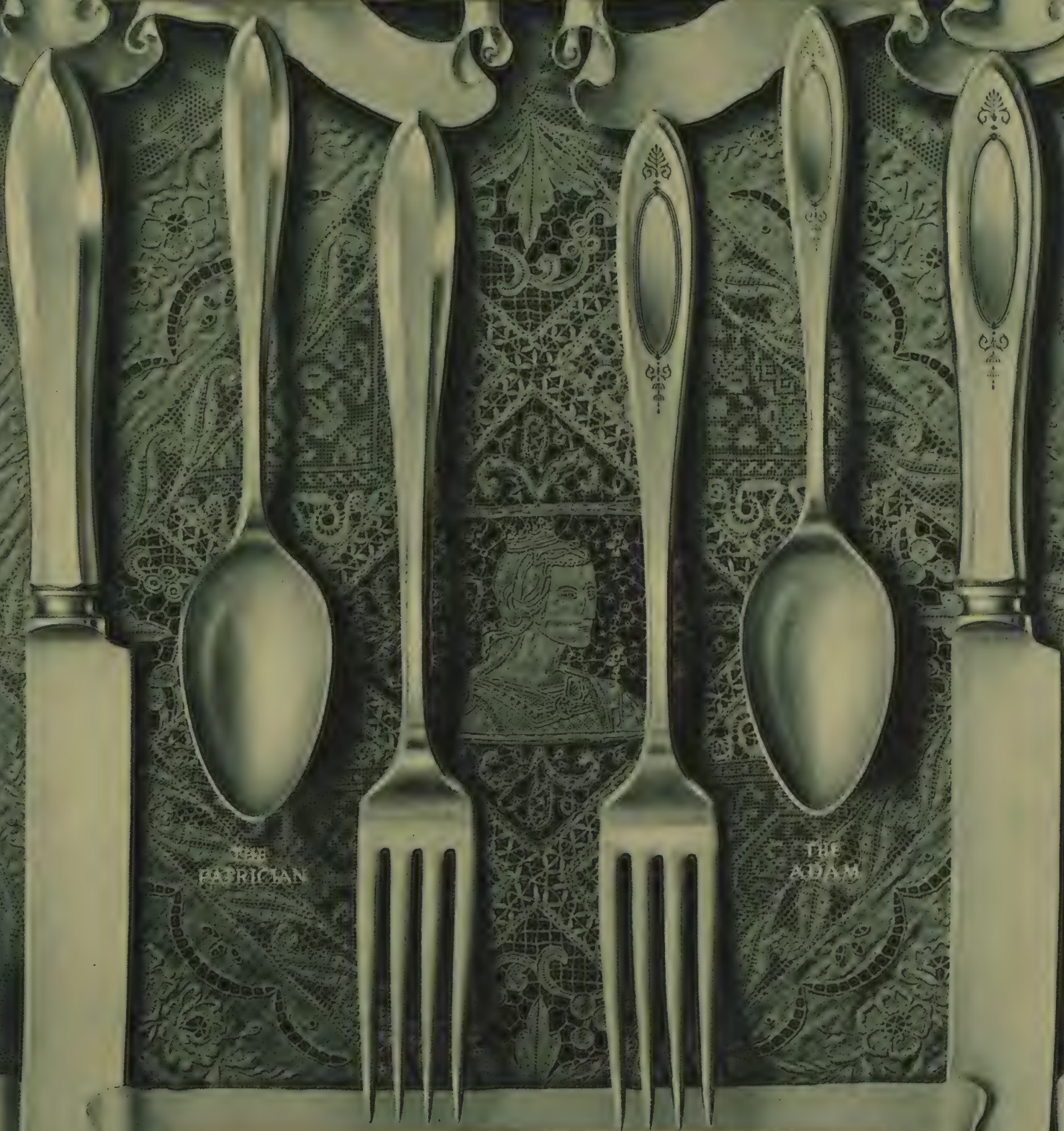
The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes in Libya is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.



INDUSTRY AMONG THE SENUSSI: CRUSHING OIL FROM OLIVES BY A METHOD HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD.



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## LADIES' NEWS.

THE great Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society suffered nothing through the coal crisis. I heard the King tell Lord Lambourne that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and his Majesty ought to know. The Queen and Princess Mary did not need to speak to express their delight; their faces spoke for them. Of course, they did say how much they enjoyed it, and it was no mere conventional phrase. The sweet-peas were a wonderful sight, but so was everything, and the grouping beyond all praise. Never had I seen so many orchids together. Experts were excited over two new ones—one rose-colour, and one white. I do not know the points of orchids, which are, I think, specially a man's flower. I noticed a lovely one in the Duke of York's button-hole, which must have been presented by a grower, for his Royal Highness does not affect button-holes as a rule. Sir George Holford, after he had been round the show with the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, went off to examine the orchid growers' exhibits. Lady Holford did not accompany him. Sir Jeremiah Colman, another great orchid lover—whose show was, as usual, superb and took a gold medal—did tear himself away from his favourites and gave attention to other less exotic blooms. Lady Colman showed barely a bowing acquaintance with the magnificent display from Gatton Hall. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington, great garden lovers, were for over two hours at the show the first morning. The Marquess of Lansdowne, leaning on his wife's arm, was delighted with the lovely blooms. The Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale expatiated on the perfection of some opening buds of an Ophelia rose; and a whole crowd of people clustered round the magnificent exhibit of Allwood carnations, the hardy as well as the house varieties. That the exhibits arrived by motor transport was all to the good for their freshness and beauty.

Mrs. Tennant, who had herself planted and arranged a herbaceous border of ordinary flowers such as bloom in any garden, was presented to their Majesties, and made a tour of the show in the royal entourage. The Hon. William Ormsby Gore, with his handsome wife, Lady Beatrice, went about note-book in hand looking up requirements for their garden. Viscountess Northcliffe was on business bent, with her gardener in close attendance. Nothing was guarded in cages at the show. The strawberries hanging ripe from their vines were, to my mind, much more tempting than the pollen from the rarest orchid. I should have known what to do with the former, and the latter

would only have served to powder my nose. The Duke of Somerset, in a summer suit of light grey tweed and a jaunty-looking light grey hat, looked less like "a venerable Peer," as I saw him described at



A BLACK EVENING DRESS.

The sparkle of crystals and the shimmer of paillettes are enhanced by the subtle veiling and long trails of tulle.

Photograph by Shepstone.

the Opening of Parliament, than a boyish-looking man in robust middle life. His Duchess was in dark-blue and white foulard. Lord Lambourne wore the very largest red carnation in his button-hole I have ever seen.

The Crown Prince of Japan managed to wedge in a two hours' visit to the Flower Show between his arrival from Scotland and his start to Manchester. His Imperial Highness, is, I am told, a great flower worshipper, and his astonishment at the beauty and the variety of our flowers was great. It was, of course, a unique opportunity for him to see a Show. Lady Wilson, wife of our Chief of Staff, was another lady busy with her gardener.

The engagement of Lady Morvyth Ward, the Earl of Dudley's second daughter, to Captain C. E. Benson, D.S.O., is an interesting one, each of the engaged pair having many friends. Lady Morvyth is a handsome girl, and much more devoted to the country and open-air games and sports than to the social round in London. She is a successful salmon and trout angler and has killed some fine fish. She is also quite efficient with a rifle or gun, and spends some weeks each autumn in the Highlands with her father and sisters. She is the second of Lord Dudley's large family to marry. Lord Ednam, her eldest brother, married the Duke of Sutherland's only sister, and they have a son, now in his second year, who is a godson of the Prince of Wales. The bride-elect's twin brothers are about fifteen, and she has another brother in his twenty-first year. Two sisters complete the family; the youngest is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra and of the Duke of Connaught. King Edward and King George were respectively godfathers to the twins, and Lady Honor, the bride's elder sister, had King Edward as her sponsor. No other family, I think, boasts such an array of royal god-parents. Captain Benson is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robert Benson, brother of Lady Wake and nephew of Sir George Holford, and of the Dowager Countess Grey. He served in Gallipoli, and was wounded and mentioned in despatches and won the D.S.O. Since then he has served as A.D.C. to Sir George Lloyd in India, and has not been very long home. He has retired from the Grenadier Guards. The wedding will, I believe, take place in the autumn.

The country is looking its loveliest and its charms are being greatly enjoyed. Motor cars of all sorts and sizes are the means of exploring it, and Kodak cameras are the methods of chronicling it, and of keeping green the memory of delightful times. In one's short tours, long runs, excursions by boat or bicycle, on horseback or on foot, always a Kodak is the tried and trusted and useful companion that makes it possible to share with others the pleasures of the road, and to keep them green in one's own memory.

A. E. L.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CONTROL OF DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN.

"TWO opposing laws," said Pasteur, at the opening of his famous Institute in Paris, "seem to-day to be in conflict . . . One puts one human life above all victories; the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of existences to the ambition of a single man." And he went on to declare that the anti-septic dressings devised in accordance with his theories might save the lives of thousands of soldiers. How true this was the late war has shown, when tetanus, gas gangrene, and other horrible complications arising from wounds inflicted in war between civilised peoples were grappled with effectively

almost as soon as they appeared. Yet this, valuable as it was, is really nothing compared to the saving of life which Pasteur's other discoveries have made possible. Epidemics, that before his day used to rage through armies or among the civil population like a destroying angel, are now met with and driven back directly they can be diagnosed, and might be stamped out altogether if preventive inoculation could be more effectively enforced. As was said the other day by a medical man of great distinction, typhus, typhoid, and small-pox are now under perfect control (he might have said, except in Russia) and of zymotic diseases only scarlet fever holds out. Inoculation with serum of one kind or another has proved effective with them

all, and, if all tales be true, we are now within measurable distance of the time when the same thing may be said of tuberculosis.

This is the more a subject for congratulation because it is the saving of life at the right end. Children are, as the Psalmist has it, like arrows in the hand of the giant, and the life of the young is, in the long run, and taken in the lump, far more valuable to the State than that of the old. One of the most terrible things about diseases like typhoid is that it attacks by preference young and strong men herded together in camps and cantonments, and, as is well known, until Pasteur's discoveries was often more fatal to armies than the enemy. So, too, with the scarlet fever which, as has been said, still evades treatment by serum or vaccine, and is not only a disease of childhood, but is specially fatal to children. Some statistics that have lately been published in Norway, where it seems to be markedly prevalent, show that it exhibits no sign of

dying out, and that the younger the patient, the more likely is a fatal termination. Fourteen per cent. of the cases under one year when attacked die, as against



INCLUDING ONE IN GOAT-SKINS: CORNISH TENANTS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LAUNCESTON, WITH RENT IN THE FORM OF GREYHOUNDS, SPURS, CUMMIN, A SALMON SPEAR, FAGGOTS, AND A ROSE.

A picturesque mediæval ceremony was revived at Launceston on May 25, when the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, received from his tenants outside the ancient Castle gifts in kind representing "rents, customs, and services" for various manors and holdings. The above photograph shows, from left to right, Sir Hugh St. Aubyn, with a brace of greyhounds; Sir Trehawke H. Kekewich with gilt spurs; Captain Stanhope Rodd with a pound of cummin in a silver dish; Mr. Edmund Lyne (aged 90) with a salmon spear and bundle of faggots; Mr. B. Hutchings, clad, as prescribed, "within a goat-skin mantle," and Mrs. Christine Marguerite Saunders with a pink rose. On receiving the dues, the Prince gave each tenant a white rod, confirming them in possession. The Town Clerk of Launceston (Mr. C. H. Peter), as Bayliff, read the proclamation summoning the tenants.—[Photograph by C.N.]



A BRACE OF GREYHOUNDS FOR THE MANOR OF VERYAN: SIR HUGH MOLESWORTH ST. AUBYN RENDERING KNIGHTLY DUES TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AS DUKE OF CORNWALL.—[Photograph by C.N.]

from one to five per cent. of those during the next four years, while after five the mortality sinks to two per cent. This slaughter of the innocents prevents the arrival at maturity of thousands of citizens, who would not only be the parents of generations yet unborn, but might turn out among them a few benefactors of humanity as great as Pasteur himself.

Until some remedy is discovered, the only effective treatment of diseases like scarlet fever seems to be isolation; and this, as the Norwegian men of science say with reason, is very difficult to arrange for under present conditions. Overcrowding in towns has at least the benefit of making inspection and notification easier, but in the country, or where the population is sparse, the difficulties are enormously increased. Moreover, the diagnosis of diseases like scarlet fever in its first stages requires considerable skill and experience; and unless our homes are to be chiefly given up to State espionage, we have to

[Continued overleaf]



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(Continued)

trust chiefly to voluntary notification. How many mothers, whether in cottages or farmhouses, would send for the medical officer of the State directly her year-old baby developed a rash—and how many would consent to the infant's immediate transfer to an "institution," if the resulting diagnosis were unfavourable?

This is one of the problems which the new Ministry of Health will have to tackle; but in the meantime there are other children's diseases which we have come to look upon as inevitable, but which might on better investigation turn out to be as controllable as typhoid or small-pox. As Professor A. V. Hill, of Manchester University, has just asked in his Inaugural Address, is it really in the nature of things that all our children should go through a regular course of whooping-cough, measles, and mumps? This subject probably only wants the application of the patient investigation which made Pasteur's discoveries possible, and it is work which the new Ministry might undertake without setting up any new and expensive departments. Will they see to it?

F. L.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE GIPSY PRINCESS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THE convention of Viennese operette seems to have undergone little change since the days of "The Merry Widow." The waltz remains the basis of its musical score, and that score is largely made up of passionate duets between lovers who leap over obstacles of rank, quarrel as impetuously as they kiss, and are reconciled after little storms of misunderstanding and defiance. Champagne helps to make the sentiment hectic; dancing—sometimes languorous, sometimes fast and furious, keeps the atmosphere electric; and amid a whirl of fancy dress, uniform, and illuminated spectacle, there is just enough fun to prevent the erotic scenes from being cloying. What pleased in "The Merry Widow" still pleases in "The Gipsy Princess"; and though E. Kalman's music is far less ambitious than that of "The Chocolate Soldier," and is not so ingenious as other Viennese scores in its concerted numbers, still there is plenty of haunting melody, and it is agreeably and skilfully orchestrated; while the dancing interludes are full of vivacity, the humour is unforced, and costumes and scenery have claims to beauty as well as opulence. It is enough to say of the plot that it is concerned with the love of a prince for a cabaret girl. The Serbian tenor, Mr. de Jari, has a good voice, and shows abundance of *abandon* in the part of the prince. *Abandon*, unfortunately, is just the one thing missing in Miss Sari Petras's gipsy heroine; she sings pleasantly, dresses daintily, looks a picture, and has both grace and distinction, but never conveys the idea that she has got hot blood in her veins. Very welcome are the brief appearances of Miss Phyllis Titmuss; so clever and piquant an actress, with so easy a style and so attractive a stage presence, deserves to have more opportunities. The fun is quite safe in the hands of Mr. Mark Lester, a quiet but experienced comedian with a gift

for whistling, and Mr. Billy Leonard, who in a "silly ass" rôle is delightfully appealing; his dancing turns are some of the best things in the show.

## SIR JAMES BARRIE IN PRODIGAL MOOD.

The opening of the new theatre of the Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street took place under most



A TRIBUTE TO WARWICKSHIRE HEROES: THE UNVEILING OF DUNCHURCH AND THURLASTON WAR MEMORIAL.

In the historic village of Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, on May 15, the Dunchurch and Thurlaston War Memorial was unveiled by Lady Waring, wife of Sir Samuel Waring, Lord of the Manor, and dedicated by the Rev. C. T. B. McNulty, formerly Vicar of Dunchurch. A very interesting address was given by Major-General Sir Frederick Poole, K.B.E.

Photograph by G. A. Dean, Rugby.



PRESENTED TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN BY SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH AND CO.: A TEN-FOOT MODEL OF THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "KASHIMA," HIS ESCORT TO THIS COUNTRY.

While at Manchester on May 25, the Crown Prince of Japan visited the engineering works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., at Openshaw. The managing-director, Sir Glyn West, presented him with a finely finished model of the "Kashima," which escorted the Prince to this country, and recalled that the firm built the first war-ship for the Japanese Navy, in 1882, and had since supplied it with three battle-ships and eleven cruisers.

Photograph by Central Press.

auspicious conditions. The Prince of Wales conducted the inaugural ceremony with one of his happiest speeches, and a wonderful "all-star" cast gave a performance of a first act of a new Barrie play which went counter to all the traditions of such occasions, being perfect in its ensemble. Everybody recognises that Sir James Barrie is a magician, but here he was veritably prodigal with his magic. On this first act of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" which he will

(Continued overleaf.)

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Shakespeare

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Continued.]

presumably never finish, he had lavished all the care as to technique, all the wit, and sense of drama that we expect of him at his best. In this dinner-party scene, at which the host tells his guests that

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Irene Vanbrugh, Norman Forbes, Marie Löhr, Gerald du Maurier, and Hilda Trevelyan. They worked together as beautifully as if they had been rehearsing for weeks



TERRITORY OF EX-GERMAN EAST AFRICA TRANSFERRED FROM BELGIAN TO BRITISH CONTROL: HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG AT KIGOMA.

The ceremony of transfer took place at Kigoma, the western terminus of the Tanganyika Railway, on March 22 last. In the photograph, King's African Rifles are seen on the right, saluting; and Belgian troops on the left.

he is trying to discover among them his brother's murderer, we had excellent fun and characterisation, and with them a wonderfully maintained atmosphere of suspense. And, meantime, opportunities were found for every one of fifteen "stars"—Dion Boucicault, Fay Compton, Charles Hawtrey, Sybil Thorne-dike, Cyril Maude, Lady Tree, Leon Quartermaine, Lillah McCarthy, Nelson Keys, Madge Titheradge,

Lucky Academy to obtain at the start so splendid a model of its art!

### CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

A E PUGH (Bentley).—Your corrected solution duly to hand. There was no necessity for any apology.

MRS. K. ROBBINS (Woking).—The book has no value as an authority on chess, and we fear has less value as a literary rarity, being the fourth edition.

AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca).—Problems received with thanks. They shall have our careful attention.

KESHAB D DE (Calcutta).—Thanks for your letter and further positions, from which we will make a selection. You need not worry unduly about minor flaws; they are often a mere matter of opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3854 received from S A Hawarden (Benoni, Transvaal); of No. 3855 from P N Banerji (Calcutta), and S A Hawarden (Transvaal); of No. 3856 from P N Banerji (Calcutta); of No. 3857 from Henry A Seller (Denver), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E M Vickers (Norfolk), and P Rowlands (Alderney); of No. 3858 from Senex (Darwen), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Jas. T Palmer (Church), A E Pugh (Bentley), J W Sefton (Bolton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Herbert Russell (Leicester), R C Durell (Woodford), and W H Statham (Charlton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3859 received from R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), W J C Walters (Curragh), W C D Smith (Northampton), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), Senex (Darwen), J Shaw (Clapham), A E Pugh (Bentley), E J Gibbs (East Ham), W H Statham (Charlton), F J Sheldon (Leeds), F O McKears (Birmingham),

R Entwistle (Bolton), H W Satow (Bangor), Ch. Le Harivel (Edinburgh), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H W Wood (Wellington College), and C H Watson (Masham).

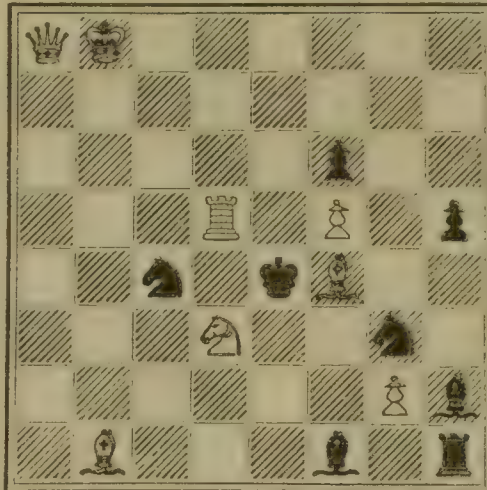
### CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. E. MACDONALD and W. GOODING.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Time pressure seems to account for the play in this and the next few moves.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. P to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
8. Kt to B sq	Castles		
9. Kt to Kt 3rd			
	Kt to K 3rd is, perhaps, the more usual continuation.		
9. Castles	Q to K 2nd		
11. B to B 2nd	P to K R 3rd		
12. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
13. Q takes B	B takes Kt		
14. R to K sq	Kt to R 2nd		
15. B to K 3rd	Q to R 5th		
16. Q R to Q sq	P to K R 4th		
17. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd		
	The position has now all the appearance of a draw.		
18. Q to B 3rd	K to R 2nd		
19. R to K B sq	Q R to K sq		
20. P to Q R 3rd			
	An unsound combination in an effort to force matters. Black apparently overlooked the effect of White's 28th move.		
	26. P to Q 5th R to B 3rd		
	27. P takes Kt Kt takes R P		
	28. Kt to B 5th P takes Kt		
	The only thing to be done, but it leaves Black minus a piece, and with a lost game.		
	29. Q takes Kt Q takes Q (ch)		
	30. P takes Q P to B 5th		
	31. P takes Kt P to Q Kt sq		
	32. P to B 3rd R takes P		
	33. P to Q Kt 4th R to Kt sq		
	34. R to K Kt sq Resigns		

PROBLEM No. 3860.—By A. M. SPARKE.  
BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3858.—By THE LATE J. B. FISHER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Q B 2nd	K to Kt 4th
2. B to Q Kt 7th	K to B 4th
3. B to R 6th, mate.	



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Colour for  
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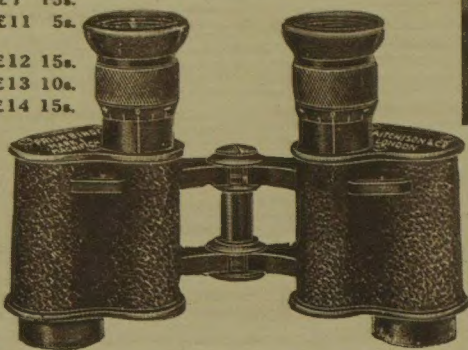
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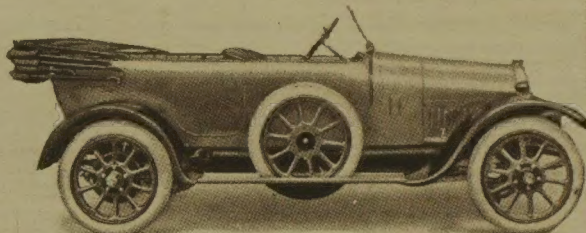
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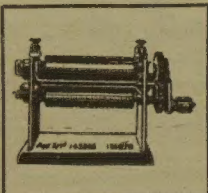
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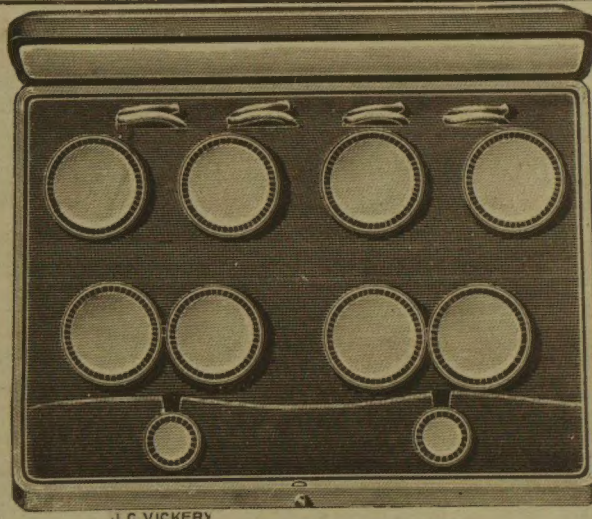
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Next Year's Road Races.

The regulations for the International Tourist Trophy car race and for the International "Fifteen Hundred" Trophy car race, to be organised by the R.A.C. next year, have now been issued. The probable dates of the races are announced as June 20 and 22, 1922. They are to be open to cars manufactured in countries represented in the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs, which still, presumably, includes the automobile clubs of late enemy countries.

The distance of the Tourist Trophy race will be about 300 miles, and of the "Fifteen Hundred" race about 250 miles. In the first the engines of competing cars must not have less than four working cylinders, and a cylinder capacity of not less than 2500, nor more than 3000 cubic centimetres. The minimum weight must be 1600 lb., including everything but the driver and mechanic. For the "Fifteen Hundred" race, engines must also have at least four working cylinders, the capacity of which must not exceed 1500 c.c., while the minimum weight of the car, ready for the race with the exception of driver and mechanic, is to be 1000 lb. The following regulations apply to both races: The cars must have four wheels; the body is not restricted as to shape; a fuel tank or tanks of any size may be carried, and only liquid fuel, which includes, *inter alia*, petrol and benzol, may be used, no aids to combustion being allowed. There will be only one replenishment and replacement depot on the course; and no spares, oil, fuel, or water may be taken up at any part of the course other than at this one point. The entry list will be open at the R.A.C. on July 1 next. I am told that already two prominent firms have announced that they will enter three cars each—three being the maximum number allowed to any one entrant.

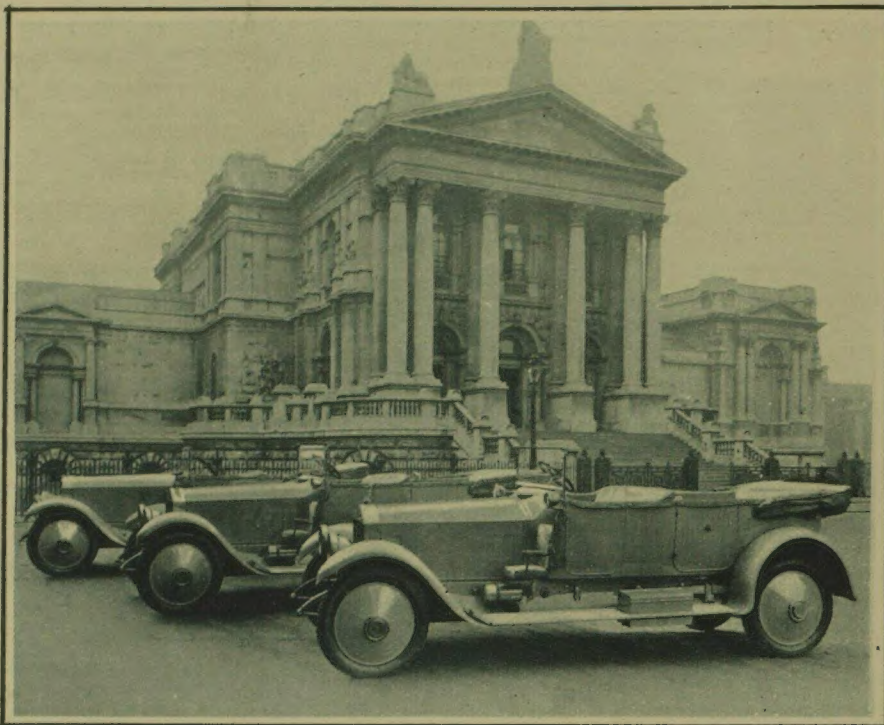
To most people I imagine that the principal interest will centre upon the "Fifteen Hundred" race, which is designed to give the popular "tens" and "eleven-point-nines" an opportunity of showing

what they can do in the matter of speed. In this connection I should be willing to take odds that the small car race will not be run at any slower speed than that for the Tourist Trophy, if the races are held on the Isle of Man circuit, as seems most probable.

## Registration Numbers.

Many old-time motorists are aggrieved by the altered registration regulations, which insist that a new car shall be registered in the area in which its

but, finally, when I sold the last car on which I used it, the purchaser made it a condition that the number should go with the car. I felt so badly about it that I nearly refused to sell! The question of altering the regulations to permit of transfer ought to be a fairly simple one if the Ministry of Transport is inclined to change them on purely sentimental grounds. Knowing something about the ways of this Department, I should say there is very little hope of alteration.



ROLLS-ROYCE CARS FOR AN INDIAN PRINCE: THREE OF THE FOUR (WITH BODYWORK BY THE GROSVENOR CARRIAGE COMPANY) RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.

owner resides. This means that when a new car is purchased, the number from the old one, which may be a cherished possession, cannot be transferred to the new vehicle. I know what this means to those who began motoring early and were fortunate to secure certain very low numbers, and I fully sympathise with the grievance. I myself was once the happy possessor of the number "P.S. 1," which I prized greatly. It was transferred to several cars,

through drive from front to back of the building, with four lifts to corridors on to which the cubicles will open; while at one end there is to be a repair shop, vulcanising shop, and accommodation for paid drivers.

The idea is good, but it seems very doubtful if the location proposed is quite as suitable as might be. There is a great need for more garage accommodation in London, but it is wanted in the centre of the West

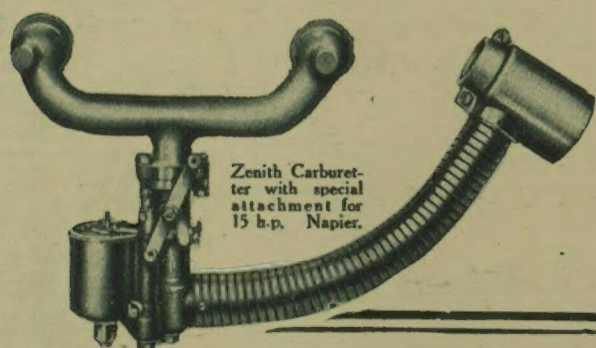
[Continued overleaf.]

## A Good Electric Horn.

Nowadays, when there is so much heavy traffic on the roads, an electric horn is really an essential part of the car's equipment. The worst of this type of warning signal is that, as a rule, it possesses an offensive, raucous note which is calculated to rouse the most peaceable citizen to fury. I have on my car an electric horn which avoids this objectionable characteristic. It is known as the "Graham," and while the sound is penetrating enough, it is not offensive. The instrument itself is well made and has the desirable quality of taking a small amount of current to operate it. It is the best device of the kind of which I have had experience, and I can recommend it with every confidence.

## A Huge Garage for London.

A scheme is on foot for the erection of an enormous garage on an island site in the Euston Road. If it materialises, a nine-storey building, with accommodation for about 800 cars in separate lock-up cubicles, will be erected. Every cubicle is to have its own drainage, water-supply, bench, lockers, and exhaust-fumes disperser. Provision is made for a straight-



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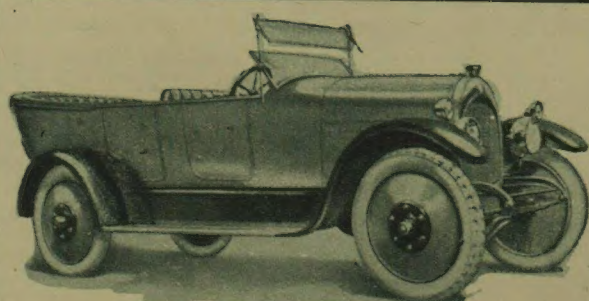
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NOTABLE price reductions have been made in the British-built Ruston-Hornsby cars. £65 has been struck off the price of the 16-20 h.p. and £100 off the 20-25 h.p. At the reduced prices they are the finest value on the market to-day for cars of their power and seating capacity.

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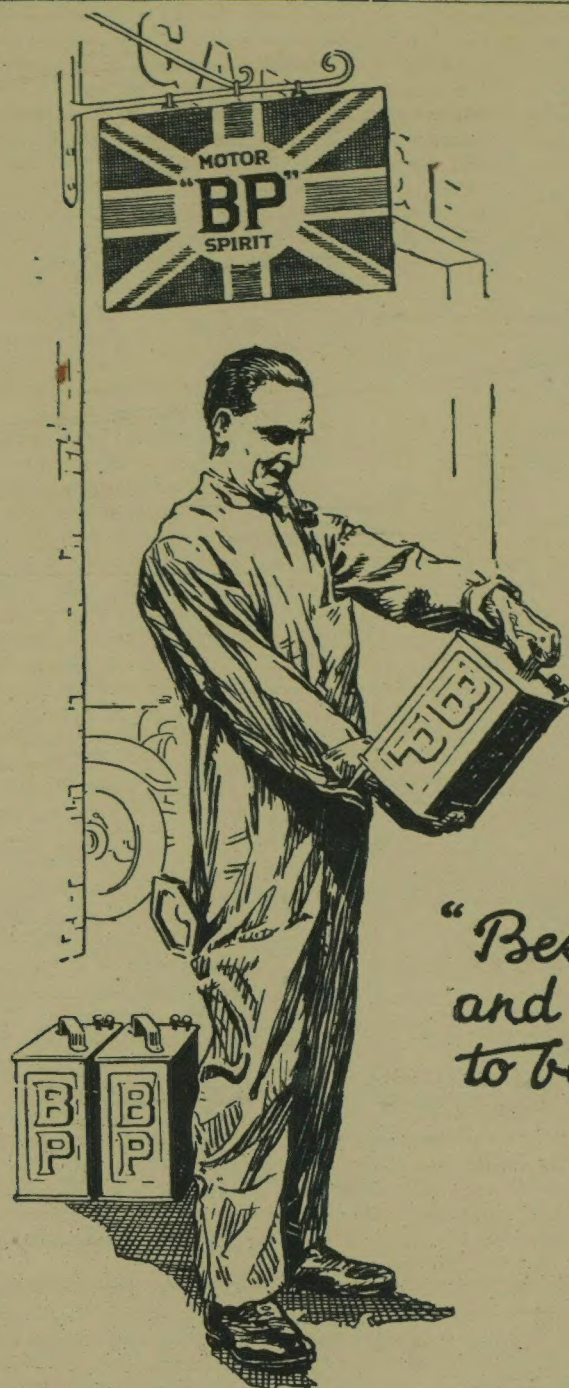
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Boxes of  
25, 50  
and 100

— OF ALL —  
HIGH-CLASS  
TOBACCONISTS  
AND STORES



(Continued.)

End more than anywhere. At present, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find any place to leave a car when dining in town or visiting a theatre, but I am afraid the Euston Road will not help over much. It would be almost as easy to take a taxi from home and another back as to drive from outer London up to Euston, take a taxi from there, and then have to return to get the car after leaving the theatre. I wonder why somebody has not built a big garage on the site of the old Hippodrome stables. There is a situation which is worth while. I have no idea what

is being done with these buildings, but in any case there is a lot of small property just about there which could well be replaced by something really useful.

#### The Nationality of the Morris Car.

A statement to the effect that Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley cars are American types, has been circulated somewhat freely of late amongst the buying public, and several letters desiring information on the subject have been received at the Cowley Works of Messrs. Morris Motors, Ltd., who desire us to state that both Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley models are manufactured wholly and entirely in this country, and that the material used is entirely British. The sale of the Morris car at the present moment averages over 100 per week, and the demand shows signs of increasing rather than diminishing.

#### The Price of Petrol Reduced.

Last Saturday the petrol companies sprung a welcome surprise by suddenly reducing the price of petrol by sixpence per gallon. While it is right to be grateful for every small mercy, one cannot refrain from saying that, having regard to the current prices of crude oil and the favourable exchange movements, the reduction ought to have been at least double that announced. W. W.

It is not necessary to go abroad to find a place which combines the advantages of a health-giving spa



THE PATRON GODDESS OF PENCILS: THE "VENUS" STAND IN THE FIRST GREAT FAIR HELD AT BARCELONA. "Venus" pencils are known and appreciated all over the world. Above is seen the stand of the makers, the American Lead Pencil Company, at the first great Fair ever held at Barcelona, in the Palacio de la Feria de Muestras. The "Venus" stand was much admired by the Spanish Minister of Labour, Don Eduardo Sanz Escartin, Count of Lizarrago, who opened the Exhibition.

Photograph by Gamissans, Barcelona.

and a holiday resort amid ideal surroundings. Such a place may be found, much nearer home, at Harrogate. For those who go there to take its famous waters every up-to-date medical treatment is provided. For holiday visitors it affords all varieties of amusement, and is an excellent centre for excursions to the many places of interest and beauty among the surrounding Yorkshire moors. The town itself is spacious and picturesque.



UP THE JUNGFRAU BY RAIL: THE EIGER GLACIER STATION ON A FAMOUS SWISS MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

The Jungfrau Railway, an electric rack-and-pinion line, was begun in 1897, and now reaches 12,070 feet. Magnificent views are obtained from it. A footpath descends from this station to the Eiger Glacier. The Jungfrau is 13,669 feet high.

Photograph by Wehrli, Kälchberg-Zurich.

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Box Offices, 10 to 9: Olympia (Addison Road and Hammersmith Road Entrance), Tel. Hamm. 2720; 66, Victoria Street, Tel. Vict. 9755; and Principal Booking Agents.

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